

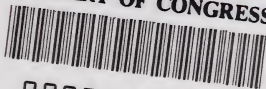
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Hanka, Václav
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MANUSCRIPT

OF THE

QUEEN'S COURT.

A COLLECTION OF OLD BOHEMIAN LYRICO-
EPIC SONGS, WITH OTHER ANCIENT
BOHEMIAN POEMS.



TRANSLATED

BY

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PUBLISHED

BY

VENCESLAV HANKA.



PRAGUE.

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Theophilus Haase's sons printers.

The most remarkable remnant of antiquity existing in the Bohemian tongue, is a collection of old poetry, under the title *Rukopis Kralcdverský*. Dobrovsky in his »History of Bohemian Literature«, speaks of them as models for facility of style, purity and correctness of language, grace and strength of expression. Their publication created a strong feeling among all the Slavonian nations and may be considered certainly the most important addition ever made by one individual to the archives of popular Slavonian poetry.

The discovery was in this wise. In the year 1817, Hanka had been visiting one of his friends at Králové Dvory (Queen's Court), a town which suffered with many others from the terrible visitations of Žižka. He there heard, that in an under vault of the church tower, a bundle of arrows lay,

and had lain there from the time of Žižka. He ascended to see them, and while walking about the place, his foot struck against a quantity of parchment documents — he found they were covered with Latin letters and soon observed, that the writing was Bohemian. The transport of such a discovery may well be conceived. He sent to the authorities of the town one of the first transcripts he made, who shared in his enthusiasm, and presented the MS. to him as a reward. He afterwards deposited it in the National Museum of Prague. The MS. has been decided by competent judges to have been written at the end of the thirteenth century, though some of the poems are probably considerably older. They appear to have belonged to a far more extensive collection, of which they formed the 26th, 27th, and 28th chapters. The rhythmus is good, the versifications generally excellent; but the pieces are all written as if they were prose, in one continuous course.

The poems consist of epic and lyric pieces — or rather of historical ballads and songs; the whole are no less remarkable for their simplicity and strength, than for their flowing and regular versification.

The first *Oldrich and Boleslav* is a fragment and is not enough preserved to make the story intelligible. The second *Beneš Hermanov* is an account of the overthrow of the Saxons.

The third is *Jaroslav*.

The poem narrates that the daughter of the Khan of Tatarv possessed by a desire to visit the lands of the west, came with a long train of followers, and having reached Germany, whither the news of her rank had preceded her, she was attacked in a forest, and with all her attendants pillaged and murdered. When the news reached Tatarv, her father Kublay gathered his army together, and after consulting the magicians, marched westward to avenge his beloved daughter's death. They met the Christians in battle, who would have subdued the heathens, had not the magicians again interfered to encourage the latter. But the Tatars conquer, they possess themselves of Kiev and Novgorod, they lay cruel burthens upon the Slavonians, and visit them with every species of calamity. Many and many attempts they make for their deliverance in vain. They call upon heaven, but the devastators still advance and at last reach Olmutz. Then Vneslav assembles the Bohemians, but they are driven into the highest parts of a mountain,

where they suffer every thing that can be conceived from hunger, and thirst, and at last openly mutiny. Vneslav is killed by a Tatar's arrow. Enfeebled and exhausted, the Bohemians determine to surrender, when another hero, Vratislav, starts up, pours out the bitterest imprecations on the »cowards and traitors,« bids the faithful follow him to the throne of the Virgin, where after having entreated the pity of heaven, they see the clouds gather, the rain fall, their thirst is quenched, they attack the Tatars, and after many bloody battles, in one of which Jaroslav pierces the son of Kublay through with his lance:

»I by prosta Hana tatar vrahov:«

Hana is freed from the fury of the Tatars, who retire back to the oriental lands from whence they came.

The fourth is an historical ballad headed Čestmir and Vlaslav. It narrates events which the chronicler Cosmas has recorded. Vlaslav is represented by him as a furious barbarian, who caused the children of his women captives to be taken away, and forced them to nurse young dogs from their bosoms. Čestmir written also Čmir in the ballad — gathers his followers to attack the burner of villages — the causer of woe. The description of the assembling is in the following words; — »There are mountains to the right — and to the left are mountains — and on their tops — their high tops — the sun shines brightly — along their sides — both here and there — the armies are spread out — each hero with battle in his bosom.« A long and energetic account of the storming of a mountain-castle

follows, and Vlaslav is destroyed by the hand of Čestmir.

The fifth ballad contains so vivid a description of a tourney, and so complete a picture of a court of the chivalric epoch, that we shall give it entire, preserving the rhythmus of the original, and forbearing to indulge even in the introduction or suppression of a single word or phrase. The repetitions are characteristic of Slavonian poetry, and are found almost universally in the ballads of Russia and Servia. To our minds the whole poem is singularly national. — We visit the princely castle — are present at the festival — accompany the nobles to the tourney — hear the music between the different acts of the combat — witness the different jousts as they take place — and go with the victor to receive his garland. Yet no story can be more simply told. There is not the excess of a line.

The sixth and most striking of these historical ballads is certainly that of Záboj. Its measure is various, and adapted to the sentiments conveyed. It begins by describing a black forest, where is a rock, on which stands Záboj, and having long looked around — he descends, — goes from hero to hero — and after uttering some secret words and bending himself before the gods, the heroes all meet at his summons in the Black forest. Záboj leads them to the deepest valley, and touches the *Varito**) with this appeal: — »Hearts of men and brothers! with glances of flame! I sing to you a song in the deepest valley; I

*) A musical instrument, — perhaps the Greek *βαρβι του*

sing it from the deep of my heart; I sing in my sorrow. Our father has left us, and left with us orphaned children and helpless maidens. He has said to none, „Brother, speak to them, speak to them fatherly words!“ And the stranger is come, come with might, and a strange tongue is heard, and strange customs are among us, and our women and our children follow them. But our wives shall go with us from Vesna to Morana. *) They bring the sparrow-hawk from the woods, and make us bend to the gods they worship. We may not strike our foreheads — we may not bring food to the gods where our father brought it, nor sing the songs where he sang them. The foes have filled the forests — they have broken up our gods.« »Ah, thou Zábój, thou singest from heart to heart, in the midst of thy grief thou singest the song like Lumir**), whose word and song shook Vyšegrad and all lands — so movest thou thy brothers all — the gods love brave bards — sing on, for it comes from the heart to sing against the foe.« Zábój looked upon the burning glances of the brothers, Zábój thus stormed their hearts: »Two brothers were there, whose voices were roughening into the voice of manhood; they went to the woods; with the exercise of sword and battle-axe and the sharp spear they strengthened their arms. They made the woods their home, and returned to their dwellings in joy. But as their hand was strengthe-

*) Vesna the goddess of youth — Morana the goddess of death.

**) Lumir — the Orpheus of the Slavonians.

ned to manhood, and their spirits became manhood against their foes — and as these brothers grew stronger too — ha! they broke in upon the foe — they broke in like the tempests of heaven — and when they* returned home — it was to be covered with blessings.« The brothers sprung upon Záboj — they pressed him in their strong arms — they pressed their heart against his heart — they repeated again and again his words one to another. — The night hastened onwards to the morning — they were all scattered out of the valley — they glided home by the trees — they dispersed on every side of the forest.

The poet then goes on to describe the gathering together of the heroes by the brothers. Záboj blesses the host. Their movements are all recorded, and at every step the bard introduces his word of promise, of counsel, or of vengeance. Záboj himself takes a part in the fight, his blows are said to fall in front of the fight like a hail storm. There is a forcible description of the long-enduring battle and the progress of it. Záboj is represented as endowed with super-human strength, able to fell a tree with a single stroke of his battle-axe, destroying thirty enemies with his own hand, piercing his foes through at a distance of five fathoms, and following them without his shield with sword in hand — a very greyhound in pursuit, a lynx in perception; yet in the midst of all preserving a great self-possession, and exercising wonderful great-mindedness towards the fallen. The ballad concludes with this song of the bard:

»Brothers! the mountain breaks through the

mist, and the gods have given us victory. From tree to tree the gathering people are passing — there are crowds of flying souls. The wild beasts — the forest birds fly before them — all but the never-affrighted owls. Up to the mountain — upwards. — Bury the dead. — Bring offerings to the gods — to the gods, our saviours — bring rich offerings — hymn the hymns of praise.«

The seventh ballad is the *Zbyhoň*, the eighth the *Nosegay*. It is fanciful and full of grace. The ninth the *Strawberries*. It will speak eloquently and touchingly for itself; it would not be easy to give a more striking picture of tenderness and passion. The tenth the *Stag*, the eleventh the *Rose*; the twelfth the *Cuckoo*, a happy expression of impatient affection, of uneasiness under the too-slow flight of Time; the thirteenth, the *Abandoned*. In a few simple words, can a picture of solitude and sorrow be more touchingly delineated than therein? At last, how truly poetical is the fourteenth, the *Lark*, of which we give an unrhymed, undecorated version, though it is not possible to express in English that tone of gentleness and endearment, which the diminutive conveys in the *malitký skrivanče* — beloved larklet.

Other poems are *Lubuša's Judgment*, the song of love under the castle of *Vyšegrad*, and *King Vaceslav's* song of love: the first is the oldest remnant of Bohemian verse.

Dr. John Bowring.

OLDRICH and BOLESLAW.

(A fragment. *)

-
- I. He went into the forest black
 To the nobles of the land,
And seven nobles there were met,
 Each with a valiant band.
Beside him speedeth Vyhon Dub
 All through the gloom of night,
His band is of a hundred men,
 All ready for the fight.
Sharp swords are in a hundred sheaths,
 Strong arms to every sword,
And every heart to Vyhon true,
 Attendant on his word.
They came into the midmost wood,
 Right hands they reach'd around,
And whispering words together spake,
 That none might hear the sound.

*) This poem commemorates the expulsion of Boleslaw Chrobry and the Poles A. D. 1004.

- II. The night it passes the midnight hour,
Approaches towards morning gray,
And Vyhon to prince Oldrich speaks,
And thus to him doth say :
»Ho ! list to me, thou prince renown'd !
God gave thee strength of limb,
»And wisdom and a prudent mind
Thou hast receiv'd from Him.
»Come lead us 'gainst the cruel Poles,
Thy bidding we'll obey,
»To right, to left, we'll turn and wheel,
As thou may'st point the way,
»Advance, retreat, at thy command
In every furious fight ; —
»Up, up, ye men of valiant heart,
And man yourselves with might !«
- III. Lo ! Lo ! the prince the banner lifts
High in his mighty hand ;
»With me, with me, against the Poles,
The foemen of our land !«
Eight lords behind him storming go,
Three hundred at their side,
Three hundred men and fifty more,
Of valour prov'd and tried,
To where the Polish host is laid
In slumber scatter'd wide.

- IV. They stood upon the mountain ridge
 Fast by the wood so deep,
 Before them Prague lies motionless
 In her quiet morning sleep.
 Veltava *) steams with morning mist,
 Behind Prague the hills are blue,
 Behind the hills the eastern sky
 Assumes its morning hue.
- V. »Down from the hill! but hush! no noise!«
 Into quiet Prague they steal,
 And each his weapon sharp within
 His mantle doth conceal.
- VI. A shepherd comes in the gray of dawn,
 And calls to the watch on high,
 To ope the gate; the watchman hears
 The early shepherd's cry,
 And opes the gate, the gate that lead
 O'er Veltava flowing nigh.
 The shepherd steps upon the bridge,
 And his horn doth loudly sound;
 The Prince upon the bridge hath sprung,
 Seven lords behind him bound,
 Each hasting on with all his men,
 With all his men around.

*) The Moldau, upon which Prague is situated.

The trumpets loudly 'gin to bray,
The drums like thunder rumble,
They plant their banners on the bridge,
That all the bridge doth tremble.

VII. The Poles are panic-struck around,
The Poles their weapons seize,
The lords redouble blow on blow,
The Polish army flees.

And hurry, hurry to the gate
They spring the trenches o'er,
And hurry, hurry still they flee
Th' avenging blows before.

VIII. Lo! God hath victory bestowed;
One sun to rule the skies
Ariseth, o'er the land again
Jarmir doth king arise.
Joy spreads itself in Prague, joy spreads
Through all near Prague that lies,
And joy around from joyous Prague
Through every region flies!

BENEŠ HERMANOW.

OVERTHROW OF THE SAXONS.

O tell me, Sun, thou gentle Sun,
Why thou dost mourning go?

And wherefore thou dost shine on us,
A people full of woe?

Where, where's our prince, our army? He
To Otto's court is gone; —
Who from the foe our land shall free
Thus orphan and alone?

In columns long the Germans march,
The Germans Saxons are,
Into our country from the hills,
That wave with woods afar.

»Give, give, ye wretches, silver, gold,
And all that ye possess,
Or else ye shall in flames behold
Mansions and cottages!«

And they have burn'd our all, have ta'en
Our gold and silver too,
Our cattle they have driv'n away,
And now towards Trosky go.

O do not, peasant, do not mourn!
The grass again will grow,
Although it long has trodden been
By footsteps of the foe.

Twine, twine a wreath of wild flowers
For your deliv'rer's brow!
The green corn glitters fresh again,
And all a change doth know.

Yea quickly all a change did know,
Lo! how the people all
To council Beneš Hermanow
Against the foe doth call!

Now stream the peasants where the wood
'Neath Hrubá Skála grows,
And each is weapon'd with a flail,
That 'gainst the Saxons goes.

'Tis Beneš leads the van, the folk
Doth follow wrathful wise,
And vengeance, vengeance every man
Against the plund'ers cries.

O anger fierce and savage wrath
Did fill both armies then,
And in the inmost breasts did storm
Of the enraged men!

And fury in the foemen's eyes
Against each other glows
And club 'gainst club on high they raise,
And spears to spears oppose.

On one another rush'd the hosts,
As wood on wood were hurl'd,
And like the lightning of the sky,
So gleam'd the swords they whirl'd.

A fearful cry arising then
The forest beasts doth fright,

And scareth all the wingéd fowls
To the third ridge's height.

Spread from the rocky hills throughout
The vales upon the breeze
Here strokes of clubs, and here of swords,
Like fall of ancient trees,

Thus motionless both armies stood
Against each other there,
On heels that firm implantéd stay,
On legs that steadfast are.

But Beneš wends himself on high,
And towards the right doth swing
His sword, the army thither hastes ;
Then towards the other wing

He points, towards the left they rush ;
Thence towards the rocky pass ;
And from the rocks upon the foe
They hurl the stony mass.

Now to the plain the fight descends,
The Germans they must fly,
The Germans they must shriek aloud,
The Germans they must die!

J A R O S L A W.

OVERTHROW OF THE TATARS, A. D. 1241.

I. I'll tell to you a glorious tale
Of struggles and of war;
Come, listen, and collect yourselves,
The mighty deeds to hear.

II. Far in the land where Olmütz reigns,
Rises a hill, not high;
'Tis Hostajnow; God's Mother there
Works marvels wondrously.

III. 'Twas quiet in our country long,
Long bloom'd a peaceful age,
When from the east a storm arose,
Amongst the lands to rage.

It was the daughter of the Khan,
The Khan of Tatar, by
By Christian hands did for her gold,
Her pearls and jewels, die.

IV. The daughter bright of Kublay Khan,
Fair as the moon was she,
Had heard of countries in the west,
Where many people be;
And she the foreign countries will
And foreign manners see.

Of youths upstarts there half a score,
Of waiting-maidens two,
And first they all the needful things
In packages bestow,
Then thither, where the sun doth haste,
Upon swift steeds they go.

V. As rosy bright the morning dawn
O'er misty woods doth gleam,
So did the daughter of the Khan
From art and nature beam.

In gold brocade the maiden shone,
Bosom and neck were bare,
And wreaths of jewels and of pearls
Did ornament her hair.

VI. The Germans by her beauty struck,
And envious of her store,
Pursued her, as suspicionless
She journied on before,
Attack'd and slew her in a wood,
And off the booty bore.

VII. When came the news to Kublay Khan
About his daughter dear,
He gather'd hosts in ev'ry land,
And westward march'd with war.

VIII. The western kings the tidings heard,
That Kublay doth invade

Their thickly-peopled countries, and
Confed'racies they made.

A mighty host they gather, take
The field right speedily,
On a wide plain encamp'd await
The Khan of Tatarv,

IX. Then Kublay his astrologers,
Magicians, wizards, all,
Into the future bids enquire,
What issue shall befall.

'Th' astrologers assembled quick,
Magicians, wizards tried,
A circle in two companies
They tread on either side;
And in it a black bar they place,
And do in twain divide.

'The one half they have Kublay nam'd,
'The other half the kings,
And o'er them the whole magic band
Ancient enchantments sings.

And soon the bars begin to move
In combat mightily,
And that, which they had Kublay nam'd
Hath won the victory.

The multitudes thereat rejoice,
Each springs with speed to horse,

And quickly all array themselves
Amongst the army's force.

X. The Christians they no council hold,
And without foresight throng,
And rush upon the heathen ranks
As arrogant as strong.

Then first in battle did they meet,
Like hail the arrows stream'd,
The crash of spears like thunder roll'd,
The swords like lightning gleam'd,
And either host in youthful might
To urge the other seem'd.

XI. The num'rous Christians press'd the foe,
And ended were the war,
Had not th' enchanter come anew,
Bearing the cloven bar.

Inflam'd, the Tatars rushing charge
The Christians savagely,
So savagely, that panic-struck,
Like deer, they turn and fly.

There lies a shield upon the ground,
A costly helm struck down;
Here by the stirrups trailing drags
A horse his rider thrown.

Here one doth bravely all in vain
The Tatars strive to meet,

Another there for heaven's sake
For mercy doth intreat.

XII. The Tatars tax the Christians sore,
And spread on ev'ry side,
Subdue two kingdoms, Kiew old,
And Novgorod the wide.

XIII. Soon came the woeful news abroad,
To arms all nations flew,
Four mighty armies did they raise,
The death-fight to renew.

XIV. On their right wing the Tatars rush'd,
And hurl'd themselves with might,
As a black cloud, that threats with hail
The fruitful fields to smite,
E'en so was heard the Tatar foe,
Thick swarming for the fight.

XV. With speed do the Hungarians
Collect in companies,
With speed they arm themselves, and go
To meet their enemies.

But all in vain their courage was,
Vain all their manliness,
All, all in vain their efforts brave;
Upon their centre press

The Tatars, break their ranks, and all
Their num'rous host doth flee;

The Tatars all things devastate,
That in the land there be.

XVI. All hope the Christians doth forsake,
Had been such sorrow never;
They pray'd to God imploringly,
That he would them deliver.

Now in thine anger, Lord, arise,
And free us from the foe,
And free us from the murderers,
That would our souls bring low,
And as the wolves around the sheep,
Around us prowling go'.

XVII. A first, a second fight is lost,
The Tatars make their home
In Poland, all things devastate,
And near and nearer come.

And now the savage heathen press
To Olmütz; cries of woe
Arise in ev'ry district; nought
Is safe before the foe.

XVIII. The first, the second day is past,
And neither side hath won;
But ah! the Tatar multitude
Goes still increasing on,

And waxes, as the ev'ning mist,
That hangs the woods upon.

XIX. The Christians, boat-like, to and fro
Amidst the Tatars sway,
And now towards God's Mother's hill
They backwards force their way.

‘Up, brethren, up!’ doth Wneslaw cry,
While on his silver shield
His sword he strikes, and o’er his head
The banner high doth wield.

All courage take, and all themselves
Upon the Tatars throw,
And in one body, as when flame
From the black earth doth flow,
So from th’ outnumb’ring Tatar host
Towards the hill they go.

XX. With backward steps the hill they climb,
And ’neath its woody crown
Extend themselves, while underneath
A sharp peak pointeth down.

And right and left themselves with shields
They cover for the fight,
And on each other’s shoulders lay,
The spears so sharp and bright.

On shoulder of the front-rank man
The second laid his spear,
And those of the third rank in turn
Upon the second were.

And down upon the Tatar hordes
Rain arrows from the hill; —
Night cometh on, and all the world
Envelopes calm and still.

O'er heav'n above she spreads herself,
And o'er the earth below,
And veils the warriors' flaming eyes,
That 'gainst each other glow.

XXI. Now raise the Christians walls on high,
All in the gloom of night,
And trenches dig around the hill
Before the morning light.

XXII. When in the east it dawn'd, arose
The whole camp of the foe,
The camp, that stretch'd around the hill
Farther than eye can go.

Upon their horses swift they crowd,
And heads of Christians slain
They bear upon their lances long
To the tent of Kublay Khan.

XXIII. Into a single mass collects
Itself the multitude,
And towards one side their course they bend,
Rushing with onset rude

To storm the hill, loud uttering
An all-terrific cry,

That hills and vales resound again
And echo fearfully.

XXIV. Upon the walls the Christians stood,
God's Mother courage gave,
And quick their pliant bows they draw,
And fierce their falchions wave;
The Tatars they must back retreat
Before defence so brave.

XXV. Then raged in fury at defeat
The Tatar nation wild,
The angry Khan upon them frown'd,
With dark displeasure fill'd.

Into three columns now itself
The heathen host divides,
And in three columns furiously
They storm the mountain's sides.

XXVI. The Christians fell'd a score of trees,
All twenty as they grew,
And roll'd them from the summit down
Their battlements unto.

XXVII. And now the Tatars storm the hill,
Shouting with fearful din
That far and wide ascends, and now
To breach the walls begin.

Down from the walls the trees they hurl,
Like worms the Tatar foe

They crush, and spread destruction wide
Upon the plain below.

And long and savagely 'twas fought,
Until the gloom of night
For both contending armies set
A limit to the fight.

XXVIII. O God! it is a sight of woe!
The glorious Wneslaw falls!
Struck by an arrow down he sinks
Beneath the Christians' walls.

XXIX. Now anguish tears the heavy heart,
Thirst doth the entrails pain,
With dry and parchèd throats they lick
The dewy grass in vain.

Still eve into cool night doth pass,
Night into morning gray,
And all within the Tatar camp
Tranquil and quiet lay.

XXX. The day doth mid-day heat assume,
Through thirst the Christians fall,
And ope their parchèd mouths in pain,
And on God's Mother call.

To her their weaken'd eyes they turn,
And wring in agony
Their hands, from earth to heaven's height
Looking imploringly.

XXXI. ,We cannot longer faint with thirst,
For thirst we cannot fight;
Who loves his health, who loves his life,
Must mercy seek in flight
Among the 'Tatars'. 'Thus around
'Twas spoken left and right.

,The sword is not so sharp a death
As thirst; in slavery
Of water we shall have enough;
Who thinks thus after me!
(Says Weston), after me the man,
Whe thirsteth painfully!'

XXXII. But leaping up doth Wratishlaw
Like a young bull arise,
And by the arm he seizes him,
And thus to Weston cries:

,Thou traitor! everlasting shame
Of men that Christians be!
And wilt thou to destruction bring
A people good and free?
Mercy from God 'tis meet to seek,
But not in slavery

From Tatars wild. Nay! brethren, nay!
Do not to ruin haste!
Already now the fiercest heat
Of noontide is o'erpast;

God strengthen'd us at noon, and if
We trust, will aid at last.

Out, out upon such words as those!
And blush for very shame,
Ye men, that fain would heroes be,
And hear the hero's name!

Die we upon the hill with thirst,
'Tis God our fate doth guide;
Surrend'ring to the foemen's swords,
Our death is suicide.

Our God doth Slavery abhor,
'Tis sin to slavery
A voluntary neck to yield;
Who thinks thus, after me!
To where God's Mother sits enthron'd!
Ye men that valiant be!

XXXIII. And after him the multitudes
To the holy chapel haste;
,Now in thine anger, Lord, arise!
Aid us, o Lord, at last!

Raise, raise us o'er our enemies
In all the land around,
And hear the supplicating cries,
That in thine ears resound!

,Encircled and surrounded all
By savage foes are we;

O from the cruel Tatar noose
Rescue and set us free!

,Grant moisture to our bodies parch'd,
That here are perishing,
And we will give, o Lord, to thee
Loud thanks in offering.

,Crush now the foe in all our lands,
And us from them deliver,
Annihilate them utterly
For ever and for ever!"

XXXIV. Lo! Lo! upon the sultry heav'n
A cloud ascendeth high!
Loud blow the winds, the thunder rolls
And crashes fearfully.

The sky is thick o'erclouded all;
Flash! flash! the lightning glows
Amongst the Tatar tents; with rain
Reviv'd the hill-spring flows!

XXXV. The storm is past, from ev'ry land
There hasten warriors brave,
Towards Olmütz march in order'd ranks,
And high their banners wave.

Their heavy swords beside them hang,
Full quivers rattling sound
Upon their hips, their valiant heads
With helmets bright are crown'd;

And underneath the riders' weight
The swift steeds prance and bound.

XXXVI. The wood-horns hoarsely bray, the roll
Of drums resounds afar,
The hosts upon each other rush,
And close in dreadful war.

A cloud arises from the dust,
And hangs the armies o'er;
The second fight is fiercer far,
Than was the fight before.

The sharp swords clash, with fearful hiss
The poison'd arrows fly,
Spears crashing meet, and jav'lins whizz,
As they are hurl'd on high;
They strike, they stab, they shout for joy,
They shriek in agony.

Like torrents swoln by heavy rain,
So flow'd the warrior's blood,
And corpses lay upon the ground,
Like fell'd trees in a wood.

To one both hands are smitten off,
Cleft is another's head,
Another from his steed is flung,
That stumbles o'er the dead.

And here doth one his enemies
Strike down in furious mood,

As on the rocky mountain's side
A tempest rends the wood.

There hilt-deep in a foeman's heart
Another's sword doth pierce,
Here from another's head the ear
A Tatar severs fierce.

XXXVII. A shout! a cry of woe is heard!
Now, now the Christians yield;
The Tatars press them savagely,
And chase them o'er the field.

XXXVIII. But like an eagle Jaroslaw
Doth to the rescue fly;
Hard steel is on his mighty breast,
Beneath the steel doth lie

Heroic valour, wisdom dwells
Beneath his helmet bright,
And glows and sparkles in his eyes
The fire of youthful might.

He like an angry lion storms,
That doth fresh blood behold,
Or by an arrow stricken turns
Upon the hunter bold.

So wrathful raging doth he rush
Upon the Tatar foe,
Behind him the Bohemians
Most like a hail-storm go.

On Kublay's son he fiercely charg'd.
It was a furious fight,
With spears did they together meet,
And broke their spears with might.

But Jaroslaw all bath'd in blood,
His steed all bloody too,
Hath smitten, reaching with his sword,
The son of Kublay through.

Down from the shoulder to the hip,
The trenchant blade did go,
And from his steed he lifeless sank
Among the corpses low,
And o'er him rattled, as he fell,
His quiver and his bow.

XXXIX. This all the savage Tatar host
With panic fear did smite,
Away their lances fathom-long
They threw in wild affright,
And all who could fled thither where
The sun doth glorious rise;
And thus was Hana *) freed again
From Tatar enemies.

*) Hana is a district in Moravia in the neighbourhood of Olmütz.

It should be remarked that Weston, who appears, alas! to have been an Englishman, was guilty of a similar piece of treachery at Jerusalem.

CZESTMIR and VLASLAW.*)

I. 'Twas Neklan bad arise to war,
 And Vlaslaw was the foe,
 His host with princely high command
 He bad 'gainst Vlaslaw go.
 The host arose, arose to war,
 And Vlaslaw was the foe,
 Arose at the princes' high command
 'Gainst Vlaslaw fierce to go.

II. Prince Vlaslaw did o'er Neklan boast
 With vaunting proud and high,
 O'er Neklan, o'er that prince renown'd,
 He'd won the victory.
 And fire and sword he sent abroad
 Into Neklan's land so wide,
 And behind his warriors' robber swords
 Neklan with scorn defied.

III. «Up, Czestmir! lead my bands to war!
 Vlaslaw, puff'd up with pride,
 Hath spoken words of arrogance,
 And us with scorn defied.»

*) Vlastislav Prince of Saaz was defeated by Czestmir in the first half of the ninth century. Kosmas and other Bohemian chroniclers give a further account of the war.

IV. And Czemtmir doth with joy arise,
And seizes his dark black shield,
(His dark black shield two tusks adorn)
And with it to the field,
He takes his axe, and his helm, which ne'er
In war might pierced be,
And off'rings to the gods he brings
Under every greenwood tree.

V. Merrily Czemtmir calls his men,
And soon the ranks they fill,
And they march'd ere dawn, and all day long,
And they march'd on yet, when the sun was set,
To the top of yonder hill.

VI. Lo! o'er the villages rolleth smoke!
In the villages shrieks and gwaning!
»Who burnt the villages? Who hath caus'd
»This wailing and woeful moaning?
»Who? Vlaslaw? Ne'er again shall he
»Spread woe and devastation;
»My warriors bring him punishment,
»And utter annihilation.«

VII. To Czemtmir gave they answer straight,
»'Twas Kruwoi, flock and herd
»Who harried; savage Kruvoi 'twas,
»Who far and wide on every side
»Spread we with fire and sword.

»Of all that good and useful was
»He hath let nought remain,
»And with him he our honour'd duke
»Captive away hath ta'en.«

VIII. 'Gainst Kruvoi Czestmir wrathful raged,
And from his breast so wide
Spread anger fierce through ev'ry limb,
And to his men he cried,
»Ye warriors, with tomorrow's dawn
»Be all our wrath on fire!
»Go now, refresh your weary limbs,
»That the long march doth tire.«

IX. Upon the left-hand mountains stand,
And mountains on the right,
And on their summits glitt'ring high
Looks down the sun so bright:
And onwards o'er the mountains here,
And o'er the mountains there,
In columns long the warriors march,
And battle with them bear.

X. »Ho! onwards to the castle, on!
»That stands on the rocky height,
»Where Kruvoi Voymir captive holds
»With his daughter that maiden bright!
»He took then in the forest thick,
»All under yon grey rock,

»And there with arrogance and scorn
»Neklan, our prince, did mock.
»Kruvoi to Neklan promis'd faith,
»And gave his hand thereby,
»Yet wrought with that very voice and hand
»His people's misery —
»Up! up! ye warriors! up, with speed,
»And storm yon castle high!«

XI. The warriors rush with wrath enflam'd,
The castle to assail,
At the bidding of Czestmir, their leader brave
Like the clouds that bear the hail.
The foremost are shelter'd by their shields,
With shield on shield rais'd high,
The hindmost lean upon their spears
And on trees that crosswise lie;
And higher than the high tree-tops,
Round the castle clash their brands,
And rage against the swords that wave
In the defenders' hands.

XII. On the castle Kruvoi roar'd aloud
With the roaring of a bull,
Roar'd loudly, that his people's hearts
With valour all were full.
His sword upon the men of Prague
With mighty sway doth light,

To the castle Neklan's warriors crowd,
And 'tis as though on the mountains grow
Full many oaks of might,
And from a rock there falls a tree,
That on those oaks doth smite.

XIII. »Y'assail the castle from behind«
Now Czestmir gives command;
He bids in front the wall to climb,
That firm and high doth stand.
Tall trees that grow 'neath the rock below
They've leant 'gainst the castle wall,
That harmlessly the beams cast down
O'er the warriors heads may fall.
The warriors range themselves beneath,
With shoulders broad they stand
Comrade by comrade, man by man,
A bold and valiant band.
Across their shoulder beams they place,
And in part with ropes they tie,
Then firm upon their lances lean,
And men have sprung on high
Upon the beams their comrades bear,
And each supports him on his spear,
And beams anew set crosswise too
Upon their shoulders lie,

A third rank on the second springs,
A fourth the third doth crown,
And the fifth hath reach'd the battlements
Whence the falchins gleam and the arrows stream,
And the beams roll thund'ring down.

XIV. Now, now they stream, the men of Prague,
Right fiercely o'er the wall,
Before them in the castle strong
Doth every warrior fall.

XV. »Up, Voymir, up! with thy daughter dear!
»Come forth from the turret high!
»Come forth to greet this happy morn!
»Then on to the rock hard by!
»On the rock thou'lt Kruvoi bleeding see
»Neath the axe of vengeance lie.« [morn,

XVI. And forth he comes to the gladsome
With his daughter, lovely maid,
And gazes on Kruvbi, his mortal foe,
On the rock all bleeding laid.

XVII. Now Czestmir sends the booty back
To the folk from whom 'twas ta'en,
And with the booty the lovely maid,
Returns to her home again.

XVIII. But Voymir will in the selfsame place,
At the selfsame hour of day,

To the gods, who granted victory,
His thankful off'rings pay.

XIX. »Up, Voymir, up!« quoth Czestmir then,
»Our steps are hast'ning straight
»O'er Vlaslaw victory to win;
»This service awhile must wait.
»The gods will Vlaslaw's overthrow;
»When the sun towards afternoon
»Approaches, we shall there approach,
»Where our army's cry of victory
»Will be loudly utter'd soon;
»Take then the weapons of thy foe,
»Come, arm thyself and on!«

XX. Right joyous is Voymir at the word,
From the rock on high with echoing cry
He shouts, that the wood doth sound,
From his mighty throat to the gods he calls,
That the wide wood quiver's round:
»Ye gods, with your servant be no to wrath,
That, ere to-day have past away,
Burnt-offerings be not found.«

XXI. »'Tis meet,« quoth Czestmir, »to the gods
»Fit offerings to pay,
»But now against our enemies
»We needs must haste away,
»Go, seat thee on a horse of speed,

»As a stag, quickbounding fly
»Right onwards through the forest wide
»To yonder oakwood high!
»Fast by the road's a sacred rock, -
»A rock to the gods right dear;
»There pay thy off'rings to the gods,
»Who rescued thee from fear,
»For victory that's past and gone,
»For victory that's near!
»Or ere the sun in onward course
»Ascends the heaven's height,
»Thou wilt be there arriv'd, and ere
»A second step and a third he takes
»O'er the tall tree tops in sight,
»The army too will have arrived,
»Where smoky columns high
»From thy victim rise into the skies,
»And the warriors will bend as on they wend
»In meek humility.«

XXII. And Voymir springs on a gallant steed,
And swift as a stag doth fly
On through the forest to the rock,
That stands in the oakwood high;
And on the summit of the rock,
The rock to the gods so dear,
He burns his off'ring to the gods,

Who rescued him from fear,
For victory that's past and gone,
For victory that's near.
He offers there a heifer fair,
All red and bright of hue;
He bought her from the cowherd there
In the vale among the grass so long,
And as her meed his gallant steed
He gave and bridle too. [nigh,

XXIII. The offering flames; the host draws
Draws nigh the vale below,
And up from the vale their arms they trail,
With shout and cry to the oakwood high,
As one by one they go.
Each marching round the sacrifice
To the gods doth utter praise,
And faileth not as on he goes,
His voice aloud to raise.
But Voymir, when the rear is past,
On his warhorse swift doth spring,
And lays the shoulders fat and thighs
Of the victim upon horsemen six,
Behind the host to bring.

XXIV. Each step of the sun the host march'd on,
Until the full noonday;

Awaiting them on the level plain
The warlike Vlaslaw lay.
From wood to wood his army reach'd
It reach'd along five times as strong
As the men of Prague arrayed,
And from it, as from thunder clouds,
Was heard around a hurtling sound,
And countless bloodhounds bayed. [fight;

XXV. »With foes like these we scarce can
»Not oft the staff can strive
»Against the club.« Thus Voymir, thus
Doth Czemtmir answer give:

XXVI. »'Tis wise in whispers thus to speak,
»'Tis wise prepar'd to be
»For ev'ry chance. With heedless shock
»Why strike the forehead 'gainst a rock?
»With artful wiles the fox beguiles
»The bull so strong to see!
»Here Vlaslaw from the hill on high
»Can see us as we go;
»Quick down, and round the mountain march!
»Be they the rear, the van that were!
»Haste round the hill below!«

XXVII. And thus 'twas done by Voymir
straight,

'Twas done by Czemtmir too;
With speed around the mountain high
Nine times the army drew.
Thus they their number and their might
Augmented to the foe,
And thus within the foemen's breasts
Did panic terror grow.
Among the brushwood on the hill
Themselves they scatter'd wide,
That in the foemen's eyes their arms
Might glance and gleam, and glitt'ring beam
The hill on ev'ry side.

XXVIII. Quick Czemtmir with his company
Burst forwards on the foe;
Four squadrons in that company
Did thus with Czemtmir go.
And with them Tras burst forwards too
From out the shady wood,
Tras seiz'd upon the num'rous host,
That there against them stood.
In rear, in rear, came to them fear
From all the forest wide,
They broke their ranks and panic-struck
Took flight on ev'ry side.

XXIX. With valiant hand bursts Voymir forth,
And the entrance of the vale

Half occupies across, and doth
Vlaslaw in flank assail.

XXX. 'Tis crashing and dashing in the vale,
As hills with hills did fight,
And all the trees in all the wood
Did 'gainst each other smite.
And Vlaslaw springs 'gainst Czemtmir forth,
Czemtmir 'gainst him doth bound,
In savage duel — wound on wound —
He smote him to the ground!
Vlaslaw extended on the earth
In fierce convulsions lies,
Nor sideways, backwards, doth his strength
Avail again to rise,
And all in black and gloomy night
Morena wraps his eyes.
From mighty Vlaslaw streams the blood
Among the grass so green,
And flows into the thirsty earth,
Where nought that grows is seen.
The soul from out his bellowing mouth
Flew up into a tree,
From tree to tree, till the corpse was burnt,
It journied flutt'ring free.

XXXI. All Vlaslaw's men are terror-struck,
And sideways thence they fly,

And up the hill, themselves to hide
From Czemtmir's piercing eye,
From Czemtmir, who o'er Vlaslaw fierce
Hath won the victory.

XXXII. Loud sounds the shout of victory
In Neklan's joyous ear,
To Neklan's joyous eye doth spoil,
Abundant spoil, appear.

LUDISA and LUBOR.

Ho! old and young, your ears be lent
To combat and to tournament!
Beyond the Elbe in ancient days
A prince good, rich and glorious sways;
He hath an only daughter bright,
Both his and all men's dear delight.
That maiden she is wond'rous fair,
Of stature tall and stately air,
Her cheeks are white and, sooth to speak,
Red blushes bloom upon her cheek;
Her eyes, like heav'n, are clear and bright,
And on her neck, that is so white,
The golden glitt'ring locks descend
In twisted ringlets without end.
This prince, he sends his message out,
That all the nobles round about
Should to his castle hasten straight
Together to a feast of state.

And when arriv'd th' appointed day,
From lands and lordships far away
The nobles in the princes hall
To the great feast assembled all.

The drums and trumpets clamour loud,
Before the prince the nobles crowd,
Each to the prince due rev'rence paid,
The princess and the lovely maid.
Then at the table long they sit,
As each man's rank it doth befit.
They brought them flesh of hart for meet,
They brought them drink of honey sweet;
It was a joyous banquet there,
It was a splendid banquet rare!
Through every limb doth vigour glow,
And mirth in every mind doth grow.

Now to the lords the prince doth call:

»Sirs, be the reason known to all,
»Why I have summon'd you this day!
»Most valiant Sirs, I wish t' assay,
»Who is the man most worth to me
»Of all your gallant chivalrie.
»In peace to think on war is wise,
»The German on our border lies.«

Thus speaks the prince, the silence flies;
Up from the board the nobles rise,
Each to the prince due rev'rence paid,
The princess and the lovely maid.

The drums and trumpets sound again;
Before the castle on the plain,

Upon the plain of wide extent,
 Each arms him for the tournament.
 The prince upon a balcony
 Sits with his senators on high,
 The princess with the dames is there,
 Ludisa with the maidens fair.

The prince his nobles gives command, —
 »Who in the tourney first shall stand,
 »To bid arise of right is mine:«
 The prince to Strebor gives the sign,
 Strebor doth Ludislaw defy;
 Each springs upon his steed on high,
 Each takes his sharply-pointed lance,
 Then on each other swift advance.
 Together there they struggled long,
 Till shiver'd were their lances strong,
 And each so weary and o'erdone,
 That from the lists they both are gone.

Anew the drums and trumpets sound;
 The prince commands the nobles round;
 »The princess shall the next ordain
 »To tourney on the listed plain.«
 The princess doth to Serpos cry,
 Serpos doth Spytibor defy;
 Each leaps upon his gallant steed,
 Each takes his pointed spear with speed.

Serpos on Spytibor hath sprung,
And from his lofty saddle flung,
Then quick himself dismounts; his brand
Each seizes in his mighty hand,
Blow on the black shields follows blow,
Bright sparkles from the black shields flow.
Now Spytibor a stroke hath made,
On the cold earth is Serpos laid,
But each is wearied and o'erdone,
And from the lists they both are gone.

Anew the drums and trumpets sound,
The prince commands his nobles round;
»Ludisa shall the third ordain
»To tourney on the listed plain.«
Ludisa Lubor bids arise,
And Lubor Bolemir defies;
Each springs upon his gallant steed,
Each takes his pointed lance with speed,
Quick in the lists they both appear,
Each at the other aims his spear.
Together with their spears they sprung,
And Bolemir from horse is flung;
Far flies his shield, and squires convey
The fallen from the lists away.

The drums and trumpets sound anew,
Lubor bids Rubos rise in view;

Quick Rubos springs upon his steed,
And against Lubor fierce doth speed.
Sever'd his lance by Lubor's brand;
Cleft is his helm by Lubor's hand;
Rubos falls backwards from his steed,
Squires bear him from the lists with speed.

Again the drums and trumpets call,
Lubor defies the nobles all:

»Whoe'er with me will combat try,

»Into the lists now let him hie!«

The knights together talk aside,

Lubor doth in the lists abide.

Zdeslaw his long spear swings around,

On which a wild bull's head is found,

His fiery steed he mounteth free,

And thus with words of pride quoth he:

»My ancestor the wild bull slew,

»My father German bands o'erthrew,

»My prowess then let Lubor try!«

Together hurtling furiously

Their heads together struck with force,

And each is fallen from his horse.

And then with speed their swords they drew,

And fiercely fought on foot anew.

Their swords with so much might they wield,

That with the strokes resounds the field.

Lubor beside his rival sprang,
His sword upon his helmet rang,
The stricken helmet flew in twain;
Then sword on sword he struck again;
Out of the lists his sword is flown,
And Zdeslaw on the earth is thrown.

The drums and trumpets loudly call,
Round Lubor throng the nobles all,
Before the prince they lead him there,
The princess and Ludisa fair.
Ludisa doth the victor grace,
And on his brows a wreath doth place,
A wreath of oaken foliage made.

Loud roll'd the drums, the trumpets bray'd.

ZABOI and SLAVOI.*)

I. In forest black a rock doth rise,
High on the rock doth spring
The mighty Zaboi, far and wide
His glance around to fling.
Sad sorrow fill'd his noble heart,
As round his glance did go,
And he mourn'd aloud, with a wood-dove's wail,
For his country's pain and woe.

II. Long time he sate, long time he mus'd,
Then up, like a stag, sprang he,
And through the wood, the lonely wood,
Right speedily did flee;
From man to man through all the land,
From warrior to warrior went,
And few the words he spoke to each,
And secret their intent;
Before the Gods he bow'd himself,
Then on, on his mission bent.

III. The first, the second day is past,
And men a numerous band,

*) Supposed to commemorate the defeat of a lieutenant of Dagobert A. D. 630.

On the third day's night, in the pale moonlight,
 All in the black wood stand.
 Thence Zaboi led them to a dell,
 All in the deep, deep wood,
 And harp*) in hand before them all
 In the lowest vale he stood.

IV. »O men of brotherly heart and true!
 »O men of fiery gaze!
 »I sing to you from lowliest vale
 »The lowliest of lays.
 »That lay, it springeth from my heart,
 »From my bosom's deep recess,
 »And sunk and drown'd in woe it tells
 »My soul's deep bitterness.
 »A sire**) his wives and children left,
 »And to his sires is gone;
 »He left them in their village home,
 »But ah! he said to none:
 »'O brother! speak a father's words,
 »To these thus left alone.'
 »A stranger to the village came
 »With violence and wrong,

*) The Varito, the harp of the Slavonians, appears to correspond to the βαρβιτον of the Greeks.

**) Allusion to the recent death of a chief, followed by a period of anarchy and an invasion of the enemy.

»He came commanding all around,
 »All in a foreign tongue.
 »And as it is done in foreign lands
 »From morn till eve arrives,
 »E'en so it must be done by us
 »With our children and our wives.
 »And one *) companion and no more
 »On all our pilgrimage,
 »From Vesna to Morana, must
 »Be ours, from youth to age.
 »No more may we our foreheads strike
 »Before the Gods we know,
 »No more to them at even-tide
 »With meats in offering go.
 »Where erst our fathers sacrific'd,
 »When erst they praises sung,
 »They've fell'd the groves, and all the Gods
 »Down from their thrones have flung «

V. ,Thou singest, Zaboi, heart to heart,
 A song from the midst of woe,
 Like Lumir, **) who with words and song

*) The introduction of Christianity abolished polygamy, and forced the Bohemians to be content with a single wife, from Vesna, the goddess of spring and youth, (indian usna) to Morana, the goddess of death, (Greek *μοῖρα*, indian Morana).

**) Lumir, the Bohemian Orpheus; Vysegrad, High-castle, a ancient fort on a hill commanding the present city of Prague.

Right well to move did know
Proud Vysegrad, and all the land
That heard the god-like sound :
E'en so thou movest me and all
Our brethren here around.
The Gods in minstrels' good delight;
Sing on! from them is given
The heart that speaks against the foe,
Thy song it is from heaven.

VI. On Slavoi Zaboï gaz'd awhile
On his looks with anger fir'd,
Then further seiz'd their hearts with song,
And patriot rage inspir'd:

VII. »Two*) sons, whose voices had assum'd
»E'en now the manly tone,
»Were wont into the wood to go,
»And exercise alone.
»With sword, with pole-axe, and with dart,
»Their hands they practis'd well,
»In secret practis'd, and with joy
»Returned from hidden dell.
»And when their arms and hands were strong,
»And their wisdom 'gainst the foe,
»O then their brethren too at home

*) Alluding to himself and Slavoi.

»To man's estate did grow,
»And all upon the foemen sprang
»Their wrath like the stormy sky,
»And to their village home return'd,
»The happiness gone by.«

VIII. O, swift to Zaboi's side they bound,
As low in the vale he stands,
And clasp him in their mighty arms,
And heart to heart take hands;
And words of wisdom spoken are
Among the patriot bands.

IX. The night it goes, and the dawn comes on,
Fresh brightening into day,
The vale they leave, and scatt'ring wide
Through the forest take their way.

X. The first, the second day is past,
And now the third is done,
And Zaboi in the dark'ning night
Into the wood hath gone.
Behind him goes a company
Of men in wrathful mood,
And Slavoi too another band
Leads through the gloomy wood.
Each trusteth in his leader bold,
Each hates from his heart the king,

And each, against that tyrant fell,
A weapon sharp doth bring.

XI. »Up, Slavoi! brother! up and on
»To yonder hill so blue!
»To yonder hill we'll bend our steps,
»That all the land doth view;
»Thence onwards, towards the morning sun,
»A darksome wood doth grow,
»There hasten we our faithful hands
»To plight for weal or woe.
»Now speed thee with a fox's gait,
»And I this way will go.«

XII. ,O wherefore, brother Zaboi, must
Our arms from yon mountain bring
Their terrors? Hence we'll storming go
'Gainst the armies of the king!

XIII. »O brother Slavoi, wilt thou strike
»And smite a serpent dead?
»'Tis surest at the head to aim,
»And yonder is his head.«

XIV. The many scatter in the wood,
Dividing left and right:
These follow Zaboi, those attend
Fierce Slavoi to the fight;
And towards the mountain blue they go
Deep through the forest's night.

And when the fifth day's sun arose,
True hands they gave and took,
And down beneath, with foxen eyes,
On the king's host they look.

XV. »His armies Ludiek must unite,
»To quell at a single stroke —
»Ho! Ludiek! thou art but a slave *)
»Set over the slavish folk!
»Go tell thy tyrant, his command
»To us is nought but smoke!«

XVI. **) In wrath did Ludiek shout aloud,
And his hosts together bring;
Beneath the sky 'twas glittering light,
As the sun his beams did fling
On the countless weapons, glancing bright,
Of the armies of the king.
All, all were ready for the war,
On every sword a hand,
And every foot in act to march,
As Ludiek might command.

XVII. »O haste thee, Slavoi! brother, haste
»This way with foxen pace!

*) Ludiek is evidently only the lieutenant and vassal of a powerful sovereign, and not a monarch himself.

**) Compare this passage with Homer's Iliad, ii 455. iv 422 etc.

»And I will charge him in the front,

»And meet him face to face.«

XVIII. And forth rush'd Zaboi with his men,
Like a hail-storm on their van,
And Slavoi on their flank with his,
Like a hail-storm, charging ran.

XIX. »These, brother, these our trees did fell,
»These, these, our Gods did rive,
»These from the forests chas'd the hawks!
»The Gods will victory give!«

XX. Ha! rage 'gainst Zaboi Ludiek hurls,
From the midst of the countless foe;
And Zaboi with his eyes on flame
'Gainst Ludiek swift doth go.
As oak 'gainst oak contending fierce,
That all the wood may see,
So Zaboi did on Ludiek rush,
Before both armies free.

XXI. High Ludiek whirl'd his mighty sword,
And pierc'd his shield's third hide;
With pole-axe Zaboi struck a stroke,
But Ludiek sprang aside.
The pole-axe struck into a tree,
The tree on the host doth fall,
And thirty to their fathers go. —
In wrath doth Ludiek call:

»Thou monster! giant serpent's brood!
Come, draw thy sword to fight!«
And Zaboi heaves his sword, and doth
A piece from his buckler smite;
When Ludiek strikes again, his sword
Doth vain on the tough shield light.

XXII. With rage inflam'd they strike amain,
Till each is wounded sore,
A wound appears in every part,
And all around is gore;
And those in savage combat near
With blood they spurtle o'er.

XXIII. The sun o'erpasseth noon, from noon
Approacheth towards even-tide,
And still 'tis fought, nor here nor there
Retreat on either side;
Here Zaboi fought, and Slavoi there
The foe alike defied.

XXIV. »Hence, murd'rer!*) Bies receive thee!
hence!
Why drink'st thou yet our blood?«
And Zaboi seiz'd his mighty axe,
But Ludiek aside hath stood.

*) Bies, the evil spirit, connected probably with the German word böse.

Zaboi on high his pole-axe swung,
 And cast it at the foe;
 The axe it flew and cleft the shield,
 And Ludiek's breast below.
 The heavy axe the soul affrights, *)
 The soul by the pole-axe strong
 Is driven forth, and fathoms five
 Through the army borne along.

XXV. Loud shriek the panic-stricken foe,
 When low their leader lies,
 But glad the shouts of Zaboi's bands,
 Joy sparkling in their eyes.

XXVI. »O brethren! the Gods have granted
 aid,

»And given us victory;
 »And now divide we left and right,
 »Steeds seek we speedily
 »In every vale; with steeds must neigh
 »The whole wood merrily!«

XXVII. ,O brother Zaboi, lion brave!
 Cease not to press the foe!
 Lo! Zaboi flings away his shield, **)

*) Compare the deaths of Sarpedon (Iliad. xvi. 505) and Hector (Iliad. xxii 362).

**) Zaboi may here be compared with Achilles, pursuing alone the whole Trojan army. —Iliad. XX. 490.

- And onwards still doth go.
 In one hand is his pole-axe strong,
 The other his sword doth hold,
 And thus through the enemy with speed
 His path he breaketh bold.

XXVIII. The foe must shriek, the foe must flee,
 Tras *) drives them from the field,
 And terror forces from their throats
 The cries of them that yield.

XXIX. With neighing steeds the forest sounds :
 »Up, up! to horse and ride!
 »After the foe on horse-back go
 »Through the regions far and wide!
 »Ye swift steeds**), swift the vengeance bear,
 »That our foemen doth betide!«

XXX. The warriors on the swift steeds sprang,
 And galloping on the foe,
 With wound on wound remorselessly
 Did fiercest vengeance show.
 They pass the mountains and the plains,
 They pass the woods like wind,
 And right and left, as on they go,
 All things they leave behind.

*) Tras (*Τρομος*, ind. trasa) the god of panic.

**) Achilles thus addresses his steeds. *Iliad*. xix. 400.

XXXI. A mighty stream is hurtling wild,*)
Wave after wave rolls on,
But bound on bound both armies
Through the stormy stream are gone.
The waters seiz'd the foreignaers,
And whelm'd them in the tide,
But safely bore the friends they knew
To reach the other side.

XXXII. Far, far and wide, through all the land,
With its long wings spread on high,
A furious glede with vengeful speed
Doth chase the birds that fly.
And Zaboi's band through all the land
Spreads wide, their foes to meet,
And down they smite them everywhere
Beneath their horses' feet. [pale light,
They chase them by night 'neath the moon's
Beneath the sun by day,
And then in the darksome night again,
And then in the morning gray.

XXXIII. A mighty stream is hurtling wild,
Wave after wave rolls on,

**) Some consider these rivers to be the Angel and Mies in the west, others the Elbe and Eger in the north of Bohemia. Compare Iliad. xxi I, where the Trojans fling themselves into the Xanthus.

But bound on bound both armies
Through the stormy stream are gone.
The waters seiz'd the foreigners,
And whelm'd them in the tide,
But safely bore their countrymen
To reach the other side.

»When we've got to yonder mountains gray,
Revenge will be satisfied.«

XXXIV. O Zaboi, brother, cease awhile!
The hills are not far away,
The foes that are left are faint and few,
And these for mercy pray. [paths

XXXV. »Back through the land by diff'rent
»With speed, both thou and I,
»And all that to the king belong'd
»Destroy we utterly!« [land

XXXVI. The wind it stormeth through the
On storm those armies twain,
Through every district left and right,
Through woodland and through plain,
With force extending far and wide,
With joyful shouts amain. [gray!

XXXVII. »Ho! brethren, see yon mountain
»Our late won victory,
»There dwell the gods that gave it us,
»And there from tree to tree

»Flits many a soul through all the wood ;
»The timid beasts and fowls
»In terror flee, except alone
»The ne'er affrighted owls.
»On to the mountains let us go,
»Our dead to bury there,
»And to the Gods to sacrifice,
»Who gave us freedom fair!
»And many an offering we will bring,
»And many a thankful strain,
»And to them we will dedicate
»The weapons of the slain.«

Z B Y H O N.

From tree to tree a pigeon flew,
And his woeful grief to the wood did coo:
»Thou forest wide, I roam'd in thee
»With the dove that dearest was to me;
»But cruel Zbyhon doth seize and keep
»My dove in the castle strong and steep«.

A youth round the castle steep doth go,
And sighs for his own true-love in woe;
Thence on to the rock, and sitting there
With the dumb wood mourns in mute despair.

Sad coos the pigeon as up he flies,
The youth to him lifts his head and cries:
»Thou woeful pigeon, that lone dost mourn,
»A hawk perchance thy mate hath torn.
»Thou, Zbyhon, in yon castle steep
»My dear, my darling love dost keep,
»In yon castle strong, yon castle steep.
»Thou, pigeon, with the hawk had'st striven,
»Had a valiant heart to thee been given;
»Thou had'st reft from the hawk thy mate
with might,
»Had'st thou had talons sharp to fight;

»Thou had'st slain the cruel hawk, I ween,
»Had thine a beak flesh-rending been.
»Up, woeful youth! 'gainst Zbyhon go!
»Thine a brave heart against the foe!
»Thine weapons keen and strong for fight,
»An iron mace his head to smite!«

Down speeds the youth through the dark-
some wood,
Shoulders his mace, dons his armour good,
Through the dark wood hastes to the castle steep,
Arrives at night; all, all's asleep.
With strong fist knocks — Who's there?
they cried;
»A hunter benighted.« — The gate spreads wide.
Knocks again; — the next door is undone
at his call;
»Where? where is lord Zbyhon?« — Beyond
the great hall —
Lustful Zbyhon is there, there the maid makes
her moan.
»Ope, ope to the hunter!« the door's not undone.
With his mace the strong youth breaks open
the door,
'Neath his mace lord Zbyhon lies low on the floor,
He storms through the castle and all doth slay,
With his lovely maid till morn doth stay.

Through the treetops cometh the morning sun,
New joy 's in the heart of the youth begun,
That his own sweet maid in all her charms
He cradleth fond in his mighty arms.

»Whose dove?« — Her Zbyhon did seize and
keep,

When he brought me here to the castle steep.
Away to the woods!« To the wood she flew,
And flutter'd here and there anew,
From tree to tree with her mate did fleet,
And on one branch they slumber'd sweet.

Glad smiles the maid at her lover's side,
Together at will they wander wide,
One couch for bridegroom and for bride.

THE NOSEGAY.

(KYTICE.)

From the tall princely forests the light wind
doth blow,
The maiden belov'd to the streamlet doth go.
She scoops with her bucket the waves as they fleet,
A nosegay there floats on the wave to her feet.
The maiden she reaches the nosegay to hold.
That roses and violets sweets doth enfold,
But she falls, ah! she falls in the water so cold.
»O did I, fair nosegay, o did I but know,
Who, who was the planter that made thee
grow,
A bright golden ring I'd upon him bestow.
O knew I, thou nosegay, so sweet and so fair
Who chose thee, and pluck'd thee, and bound
thee with care,
I'd give him, I'd give him the pin from my hair.
O did I, fair nosegay, o did I but know,
Who gave thee to float on that waters that flow,
The wreath from my head I'd upon him bestow.«

THE STRAWBERRIES.

(JAHODY.)

My love went gath'ring strawberries,
 Where green the pine-trees grow,
 Her tender foot a thorn hath pierced,
 That grew so sharp below,
 And now my true-love scarcely can
 Upon her white foot go.

O why hast thou, thou thorn so sharp,
 Thus wrought the maiden pain?
 For that shalt thou, thou thorn so sharp,
 Out of the wood be ta'en.

O come my love, into the shade
 All under the greenwood tree!
 I'll to the meadow go and fetch
 My steed so white to see.

The steed upon the meadow roves,
 On the thick grass feedeth he;
 My love 's beneath the cool, cool shade
 For her lover waiteth she.

My love in the pine-wood half aloud
 'Gins plaining as afraid;

»O what will mother say to me,

»To me unhappy maid?

»My mother bad me evermore

»Of young men to beware,

»Yet why of young men heedful be,

»When they good people are?«

Then up I rose upon my steed,
Like snow that was so white,
Dismounted, tied him to a branch
By the silver bridle bright.

I clasp'd and press'd her to my heart,
I kiss'd her lips so sweet,
And the lovely maid forgets the thorn,
That pains her tender feet.

We kiss'd and lov'd each other there,
Till the setting of the sun;
»Come, hasten homewards, love!« she said;
»The day is almost done.«

Then quick I sprang upon my steed,
That was as white as snow,
I took my true-love in my arms,
And with her home did go.

T H E S T A G.

(JELEN.)

There courses a stag through the land so wide,
And o'er the mountains free;
O'er hill and dale he bounds along,
His antlers are fair to see:

With the antlers fair that his brow doth bear,
Through the thick wood bursts his way,
And on his feet, that are so fleet,
Doth in the forest play.

There paces a youth on the mountains high
Through the vales to war he goes,
Proud weapons on his shoulders bears,
With weapons strong bursts through the throng
And close array of foes.

No more's the youth on the mountains high
With craft his savage foe
Doth on him spring; his look is dark,
His eyes with fury glow.

With heavy mace he smites his breast,
The woods for sorrow sigh,
He drives forth the soul, the gentle soul,

That through the long and slender neck
At the fair lips out doth fly.

Ah there he lies! the warm blood flows
After the soul that's gone;
The waste earth drinks the warm, warm blood,
And every maid for the youth low laid
In sad heart makes her moan.

Low lies the youth in the cold, cold earth,
An oak grows o'er his grave,
And far and wide on every side
Its branches it doth wave.

On goes the stag with antlers fair,
On his quick feet he doth bound,
And reaches with long and slender neck
The leaves that grow around.

Together swift-wing'd sparrow-hawks
From all the forest fly,
And on that oak they sit and scream,
That all may hear the cry;
»By foeman's wrath was lowly laid
»A youth bemoan'd of ev'ry maid.«

THE ROSE.

(RÓZE.)

O thou rose, thou lovely rose,
Why so early bloom'st thou bright?
Why doth frost thy young bloom smite?
Why frost-stricken fad'st in sight?
Why when faded fall'st thou light?

Long time I sate at even late
Till cock-crowing alone,
Nor longer could I aught await,
The wood was burnt and gone.

I slept, I dream'd, it to me seem'd,
Ah me, unhappy maid!
The gold ring from my finger fell,
That my right hand display'd.

Out slipp'd a costly stone of price,
That in the ring should be; —
The precious stone I never found,
No lover came to me.

THE CUCKOO.

(ZEZHULICÉ.)

Upon the plain an oak-tree stands,
 A cuckoo there doth sing,
 And still she mourns and still complains,
 That 'tis not always Spring.

How in the fields could ripen corn,
 If Spring were evermore?
 How apples on the orchard-trees,
 Were Summer ne'er to go?

Or how the ears in garner freeze
 Were nought but Autumn known?
 How woeful were it for the maid,
 If always left alone!

THE FORSAKEN.

(OPUSTĚNÁ.)

Alas! ye woods, ye gloomy woods!
 Ye woods of Miletin!
 In summer and in winter too
 Why are ye ever green?

Right glad were I did I not weep
And my poor heart torment,
But, o good people, tell to me,
Who would not thus lament?

Where, where's my father, father dear?
He in the grave is low;
Where, where's my mother, mother good?
O'er her the grass doth grow:
Brothers and sisters none remain,
My lover they away have ta'en.

THE LARK.

(SKRIVANEC.)

All in a lordly garden ground
Is weeding hemp a maid,
A lark addresses her and asks,
Why sad, and why afraid?
'O how can I then joyful be,
Thou pretty little lark?
My lover they have ta'en from me
And shut in dungeon dark.
O had I, had I but a pen,
A letter I would write,
And thou my messenger shouldst be,

And with it take thy flight.
 But I've no paper, I've no pen,
 To write a letter now,
 So greet my love with song, and say,
 That here I pine with woe.

THE PARLIAMENT.

(SNÉM.)

»Ev'ry father in his household ruleth,
 »Men must till, and clothes be made by women;
 »If the household's head begone, the children
 »Rule together jointly his possessions,
 »Choosing from the household a Vladyka,
 »For the common weal to seek th' assembly,
 »With the Kmets, the Lechs and the Vladykas,«
 Rose the Kmets, the Lechs and the Vladykas,
 And approv'd the legal just decision.

THE JUDGEMENT OF LUBUSSA.

(LUBUŠIN SUD.)

Why Veltava, troublest thou thy water?
 Troublest thou thy silver-foamy water?
 Hath a tempest wild disquieted thee,
 In the wide sky scatt'ring streaming storm-clouds,
 Washing all the tops of the green mountains,
 Washing out the loam, whose sands are golden?
 How could I not trouble thus my water,
 When own brothers have engag'd in quarrel
 For the heritage that was their father's?
 Savagely together have they quarrel'd,
 Chrudos fierce beside Otava winding,
 By Otava's gold-producing windings,
 Valiant Staglaw by the cool Radbuza;
 Brothers both, and both are Klenovices,
 Of th' old race of Tetwa, son of Popel,
 Who with Czech and with his squadrons enter'd
 Into the rich land across three rivers.

Up the social bird, the swallow, flieth,
 Flieth from Otava, winding river,
 And upon the window wide is seated
 In Lubussa's golden seat paternal,

Vysegrad, her sacred seat paternal;
 And she mourneth and she wailleth sadly.
 When her sister hears her thus complaining,
 Her own sister in Lubussa's palace,
 She within the Vysegrad the princess
 Begs to hold a court for the decision,
 And the brethren twain to summon thither,
 And to judge them as the law ordaineth.

Messengers the princess bids to issue
 Unto Svatoslaw from white Lubica,
 Where the useful oaken forests flourish;
 Unto Lutibor from Dobrosław's height,
 Where the Labe drinketh the Orlica;
 Ratibor from Kerkonossian mountains,
 Where erst Trut the savage dragon slaughter'd;
 Unto Radovan from Kamen Most, and
 Jarozir from hills with water streaming;
 Unto Strezibor from fair Sazava,
 Samorod from Mza, whose waves bear silver,
 All the Kmets, the Lechs and the Vladykas;
 And to Chrudos and his brother Staglaw,
 For their father's heritage contending.

When at length the Lechs and the Vladykas
 In the Vysegrad were all assembled,
 Each takes place according to his birthright;
 Clad in glitt'ring white her throne paternal

In th' assembly grand ascends the princess;
 Forth there issue pacing two wise maidens,
 Well instructed in victorious science;
 With the first are tablets law-declaring,
 With the next the sword, that crimes doth punish;
 Opposite them is the flame that judgeth,
 And beneath them is the hallow'd water.

From the golden throne the princess speaketh:
 »Ye, my Kmets and Lechs, and ye Vladykas,
 »'Twixt the brethren must the right determine,
 »Who now for their heritage together,
 »For their father's heritage are striving.
 »Let them both at once possess according
 »To the edict of the gods eternal,
 »Or divide the land in like proportion.
 »O my Kmets and Lechs, and ye, Vladykas,
 »It is yours my sentence to establish,
 »If it be according to your wisdom.
 »If 'tis not according to your wisdom,
 »Stablish for the twain a new decision,
 »That may reconcile the striving brothers.«

Bent themselves the Lechs and the Vladykas,
 And began a whisper'd consultation,
 Whisper'd consultation with each other,
 And they did commend and laud her sentence.

Uprose Lutobor from Dobroslaw's height

And began in these words his oration;
 »Glorious princess on thy throne paternal!
 »We have well consider'd of thy sentence,
 »Now collect the votes throughout thy nation.«

And the judging maids the votes collected,
 In a sacred urn the votes collected,
 To the Lechs they gave them for announcement.

Radovan from Kamen Most arising
 'Gan the votes by number to examine,
 And announc'd the sentence to the nation
 In assembly gather'd for decision.

»O ye brethren twain, both Klenovices,
 »Of th' old race of Tetva, son of Popel,
 »Who with Czech and with his squadrons enter'd
 »Into the rich land across three rivers;
 »Thus about your heritage accord you!
 »Ye shall rule it both the twain together.«

Uprose Chrudos from Otava winding,
 Anger pour'd itself throughout his body,
 All his limbs with savage fierceness trembled,
 Like a bull he roars, his strong hand swinging;
 »Woe to nests, to which the snake approacheth!
 »Woe to men o'er whom a woman ruleth!
 »That a man o'er men should rule is fitting;
 »It is right the firstborn should inherit.«

From her golden throne Lubussa rising

Saith, »Ye Kmets, ye Lechs, and ye Vladykas!

»Ye have heard the insult cast upon me.

»Judge yourselves, and give the legal sentence!

»Never more will I your strifes determine.

»Choose a man, an equal, from your number,

»That he may with iron sway and rule you!

»Weak o'er you to rule is hand of maiden.«

Ratibor from Kerkonossian mountains

Rose and thus began to make oration;

»Shame 't were we should justice seek from
Germans,

» We by sacred law have right and justice,

»Which our fathers brought into these regions.«



SONG UNDER THE VYSEGRAD.

(PIESEŇ POD VYŠEGRADEM.)

Hail Vysegrad lofty, our sun beaming bright!
How proud and how bold thou dost stand in
the height,
And all foreigners strik'st from the rock with
affright!

Beneath thee the river rolls rapid and strong,
Veltava her waves rolleth swiftly along.

By Veltava's bright waves, that transparently
fleet.

Thick shrubs a cool arbour afford from the heat.

There merrily soundeth the nightingale's strain,
Or sadly he pipes, tiny songster, his pain,
As joy or as sorrow his heart doth contain.

O were I the nightingale in the green grove,
How speedily thither I'd fly, where my love
Late at even, at even, doth wander and rove!

And when love waketh things, and all that 's alive,
For love with deep longings doth struggle
and strive,

I long and I pine, fairest maiden, for thee;
Take pity, fair maiden, take pity on me!



A SONG BY KING VACESLAW I.

(PIESEŇ KRALE VACESLAVA I.)

After adventures stern and great
 Love doth to me its sweet estate
 Reveal and went high;
 Right heartily I mourn and sigh,
 When thinking on the loveliness,
 That causes thus my mind's distress,
 How brightly doth the maiden shine,
 Of whom myself to boast is mine.
 Yet, though her love be not to blame,
 She cruel anguish gives,
 And I must bear it evermore; —
 She asks not whom she rives.
 My mind doth drive me on to love,
 O happy happy me!
 And now my highest gladness is
 Blest through the eyes to be.
 For all my joyance through the eyes
 Into my loving bosom flies.
 Love grows increasing bye and bye,
 In clearer brighter sympathy,
 Because I gave it heart and mind.

It is a fount of bliss refin'd,
 It the beginning is of mirth,
 My anguish and my joy on earth.
 E'en as sweet dew the rose-bud sips,
 When from its swathings free,
 E'en so I kiss'd her honied lips;
 O happy, happy me!
 In vain to understand I try,
 How happy in thy love am I.
 Love banish'd is by anguish strong,
 Pain comforts, love doth pine and long —
 Love will accuse me — ah! for why?
 Love cannot me accuse that I
 Embrac'd her form so fair and bright,
 So full of sweetness and delight,
 In all its glowing glitt'ring charms,
 Yet still with honourable arms.
 For when that maid enchain'd my heart —

— — — — —

—————

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